

THE LAST MEMORY.

The windows are darkened, and dim is my sight
At the gathering twilight of age.
And new less scarce read the story right
That is written on memory's page.
Through all of life's visions vanishing fast,
One shines like a star in its place:
In the glow that the present throws over the
past.
Remember my mother's sweet face,
I pray that my heart this treasure may save
Till my soul is released from its strife;
Each year, each month, each day, each hour,
Sweeping over me like a conquering wave,
Keenly and mightily, from deep into deep
Eternity flood moves apace:
Though the tide hurries all to oblivion's sleep,
I remember my mother's sweet face.
Repatient, God knows what time ripens the grain
And when it is ready to reap:
Down into my heart mercy falleth like rain
To quicken the seeds that are dead.
The lessons of patience, the stories, the prayers
That I learned in my mother's embrace,
Would long since have grown to a harvest of
peace.
Had I failed to remember her face,
I listen and wait in the shadows that fall
O'er the deep on eternity's shore,
But out of the stillness I hear a voice call
That sounds like an echo of yore.
Through the watches of night, I shall not be
alone,
Nor afraid of the dawning of grace:
Though all else I loved into darkness has flown,
I remember my mother's sweet face.
—Living Bacheller, in N. Y. Ledger.

HARVESTING FEATHERS.

The Way It Is Done at the Kenilworth Ostrich Farm.

It is No Easy Task to Gather the Precious Crop—Some of the Dangers and Difficulties Attending the Operation.

A pluck at the Kenilworth ostrich farm having been announced, a party of visitors took the train from Los Angeles for the scene of this unfamiliar form of harvesting. The ostrich farm, which is situated about seven miles northeast of Los Angeles, occupies a very pretty valley at the foot of one of the coast ranges, not far from the Burbank station, on the Southern Pacific railroad.

The ostriches are confined in a number of large corrals, in which the birds have free room to run about, scoop out their primitive nests, and make themselves generally quite at home. Four of these corrals are occupied by pairs of full-grown imported birds, at the present time occupied in laying eggs. In other corrals are young birds, natives of California, which appear to be quite as healthy and promise to be as fine as their African parents.

Plucking the birds is by no means a light undertaking. The one thing which makes ostriches manageable at all is that they can not either fly or leap, or if they can they are not aware of their powers. Hence, an ordinary post and rail fence five feet high is sufficient to confine birds standing, perhaps, seven feet high, even when they are making the most desperate efforts to escape from the hands of their captors. But if they can not fly they can run and kick, and a kick from one of their great strong legs is an experiment which nobody cares to try. Thus in catching them it is always necessary carefully to avoid getting in front of them, for they can only kick straight forward.

When plucking is to begin three men enter the corral and approach the birds. They try to get the one they wish to catch up into a corner, but as the bird soon sees that his best chance lies in keeping in the open, he races first down one side of the corral and then up the other, making it appear as though it were an almost hopeless task to catch him. His strides are enormous, and his great feet and the muscles of his thighs are so strong that he comes along with a strangely easy, springy gait, in which very little is seen of the foolish awkwardness which is the first characteristic to strike strangers when they see the bird at rest.

After several quiet vain attempts to reach the bird as he runs past, the quickest of the men throws himself upon one of the huge wings, and the first time, perhaps, finds himself sprawling on the ground, with a handful of broken feathers to reward him for his pains. Soon, however, somebody is fortunate enough to get a good hold, and by the time he has been dragged half way round the inclosure the other two men also are to be seen firmly attached to some part of the body or wings of the bird. Then a sack is rapidly produced from the belt of one of the men, and slipped over the head and long neck, at the lower end of which it is loosely tied. This greatly facilitates matters, and it is now no very difficult job to steer the strange-looking creature into a corner of the corral which has been prepared for its reception. Here the fence has been strengthened with strong deal-boards, and another heavy board is all ready to be swung around in such a way as to inclose the bird and his captors in a small corner, in which no great amount of struggling is possible.

The first bird plucked was an old male. The young birds for the first two years of their life are all the same gray color which the females continue for their lives; but, after the males are about two years old, become very handsome. They turn quite black, thus making a very handsome setting for the great white plumes which adorn their wings and tails. As they approach any one who is looking at them their beautiful bright black breasts remind him forcibly of funeral plumes. But when the black feathers come to be plucked they are found to be only black at the tips, and even here they seldom reach perfect blackness, except in the mass. The feathers singly are of a dark brownish color, shading off into something approaching very near to black at the tips. Occasionally, but very rarely, a truly black feather is found, but nearly all the black plumes and tips sold in the stores are dyed. Only the wing and tail feathers are pulled, the curly-looking little tips on the breast which arouse the cupid of some of the ladies being left untouched.

The three men who have hold of the bird force him up tight against the corner of the inclosure, and the one of them who is doing the plucking—in this case the proprietor—sands on the side away from the wing on which he is going to commence operations. He

raises the wing and, drawing it toward him over the body of the bird, he selects the feathers which he considers marketable and, grasping them one by one firmly in his hand, gives them a good hard pull and out they come. First the great white plumes, then the smaller whites, and then the larger blacks. It must be a somewhat painful operation for the bird, as the feathers have a tight hold, and the wing bleeds more or less at most points from which several feathers adjoining one another have been drawn. Every now and then a renewed struggle on the part of the ostrich, and an effort not always unsuccessful to shake off the sack which is over his head, bears witness to his not relishing the situation.

As fast as the feathers are pulled, and this is done very quickly, they are handed over the fence to a man standing close by a box. Then the ladies have their chance. The amount of discussion which is required before the on-lookers can decide which of the feathers is most worthy to be chosen to remind them of the occasion is surprising. First, nothing less than one of the great white plumes at the end of the wing is good enough, and as these are selling to-day at from one dollar to two dollars they are cheap enough. But when looked at in the hand it is found—surprising fact!—that the feathers do not grow curled and washed, and ready to be worn on hats, and presently a smaller feather of white and gray prettily blended is espied falling into the box. These vary in price from twenty-five to fifty cents, or in the case of very fine ones reach one dollar; but just as the purchase is on the point of completion, and the fair buyer's hand is searching among the small coins in a lengthy purse for one of just the right dimensions, she becomes aware that her next neighbor has secured quite a pretty little feather for ten cents; "really quite good enough to keep as a memento," and so the struggle ends and economy is triumphant.

Meanwhile the two wings have been plucked and the tail, which produces feathers shorter than the best wing plumes but much wider—such as are used for the best tips. Then the sack is removed, and the board which incloses the party having been swung back, the bird is set loose, a queer, curtailed-looking monster, shorn of his glory, but probably in a day or two much more comfortable—in free weather at any rate—for being freed from the burdens of his great, heavy plumes. Care has to be taken again, as the sack is removed, that he does not reward his tormentors with a kick, which, if well delivered, would easily break a bone, but his inability to kick any except straight in front of him makes it no very difficult matter.

Then the chase is renewed, and the royal consort is, in her turn, humiliated by having her proud head enveloped in the sack, and so the game goes on till all the birds which are ready for plucking have been dealt with.

It is very hard work on a hot day, as not only have great agility and considerable courage and perseverance to be displayed in catching the birds, but even holding them in the corner while the plucking is going on involves an amount of continuous struggle, more or less severe. The operation takes perhaps twenty minutes for each bird after it has been caught, and in this time some 200 to 250 feathers of various sizes are pulled. Each bird is plucked twice a year, the plumes requiring a growth of about seven months to reach perfection. The feathers, if not retained on the premises or in Los Angeles stores, are sold by weight. A short time ago they went as low as \$50 a pound, but they are now going up, the wearing of ostrich feathers in hats having again become fashionable. A full-grown bird will give rather more than a pound of feathers between his two plucks, but as they are voracious feeders there is not much profit to be made out of keeping them when the feathers are fetching low prices. They are fed mainly on alfalfa, supplemented by corn and almost any vegetable food that comes handy.—Los Angeles Letter, in San Francisco Chronicle.

SOME SHARK STORIES.

They Are Good, But to a Man Up a Tree They Look Improbable.

Last night, in a company of congenial spirits, the conversation turned to sharks, those scavengers of the sea. Their voracity, staying qualities, and ability to swallow any thing and every thing that came their way was discussed at some length. A young man who had never been to sea said he had read stories of monster man-eating sharks following ships for weeks, accompanied by an aching void which able seamen alone could fill with any degree of satisfaction—to the shark. He had also read of a sailor who was on deck one day grinding his knife, with a boy turning the stone, when the ship gave a sudden lurch, the whole outfit went overboard and was swallowed by a shark. The sailor and his boy kept at work, sharpened the knife to a razor edge, cut their way out of the shark and were picked up by a boat lowered from the ship.

The man-of-war's man said that story was a little too improbable, but that he could tell one himself within the bounds of reason. "When our ship was in Honolulu," he said, "I was ashore one day in the launch, a small steamboat used for conveying officers and sailors to and from the ship. We were lying at the dock and when the engineer attempted to start his engine on the return trip she refused to work. Thinking, perhaps, that a rope or something had fouled the propeller, the engineer looked over the stern and found that a monster shark had swallowed the wheel, and though he refused to disgorge the cast-iron delicacy. We then slewed the boat around, and heading for the ship, a mile distant, we managed by jabbing the fish with boat-hooks, to make it furnish motive power, and thus got under way. The coxswain stood at the tiller and steered for the ship, but just as we got alongside the vessel the shark gave a sudden lurch, broke the propeller short off at the bearing, and got away with it.—Chicago Herald.

TREATMENT OF MANURE.

Thorough Saturating with Water Will Keep It from Burning.

The ground where it is intended to pile the manure should be nearly level (for although it takes a deal of water to keep horse manure from burning, it should not be placed in a hole or depression where water can collect); make the piles about nine feet or more wide and as long as the manure will go or the room permit. Build the pile as nearly straight upon the sides as you can, and every layer of one foot or less must receive a thorough sprinkling with water and be tramped as in building a hot-bed. After the pile is as high as desired and heat rises, the tramping must be repeated for a few days until the pile appears solid. There it is to be left undisturbed till wanted. If a good rain strikes it, so much the better, as the manure will absorb all that falls on top of it if the pile is flat. It should be arranged conveniently for getting the water there. Putting barrels on the wagon and throwing the water over the pile with a pail, did not prove satisfactory to me, as the work will often be neglected until one or more days' haulings have accumulated; then the water will not soak through and the lower part will fire-fang and spoil. The better way is, if a well is not by the manure already to have one dug for the purpose with a good force pump in it. A tank or a lot of oil barrels should be prepared for the water and stand a little higher than the pile is going to be, and there should be a rubber hose of sufficient length with spraying nozzle attached to it. Do not think this will entail too much expense or labor, for if the manure is worth hauling it is certainly worth preserving. The manure should be carefully and thoroughly watered, and the better satisfaction will be given. There is a difference between heating and fire-fanging. I want manure to heat to a considerable extent in order to destroy grass seeds contained in it, and to hasten decomposition. Horse manure treated as above is the best covering and mulch for strawberries that I can find. As to swine, I think they are entirely out of place on a large pile of heating horse manure; they like to lie on it, but they generally take cold from it, and it is the worst place for them to lie down. Rooting it over and exposing it to the air is of no benefit to the manure. Where small quantities of manure are thrown out daily or weekly, cattle tramping and lying down on it will preserve it in the best manner. I compost nearly all the manure I use and do not spread or pile any on land. I want to plow early in spring, until the ground is dry enough to plow; then having the manure at hand and in good condition, a man can spread half an acre and plow it the same day. If the manure is spread in winter, it may be better for the land, but it keeps the latter wet or heavy too long in spring and renders it unfit for early gardening. At least this is the case with my soil unless the manure has been perfectly rotten.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

TREATMENT OF HOGS.

How to Build a Good and Comfortable House for Porks.

It is 54 feet 8 inches long, 16 feet wide; is built so the front end forms the yard fence running north from the house, the east side of house forming west side of lane fence; lane running square up to yard fence. The house is weather-boarded with dropped weather-boarding and painted, has nice windows and a good panel door in front. Next to yard in front or south end is a room cut off 14 feet 8 inches by 16 feet, to cook feed in and to keep feed in. The next pen north, 21x10 feet, is used to feed in. Flat-bottomed troughs are placed around the walls for slop feed. This room is floored with two-inch oak plank. In center on the floor we feed the corn, and let the hogs in at the east side from the lane. Just north of the house is a gate across the lane to keep the hogs from the house, if you choose. Over this part of the house joists running long ways of the house 12 feet long, bottom edge 6 inches above head, with cleats nailed on lower edge for gambrel stick to lay on north end of joists to lay on partition, south end hung with a large bolt going through between lower joists 2x10 inches, and up between two running the other way. When we butcher, the floor may be washed up clean and nice. Our gambrel sticks are cut so as to fit between joists with a notch on top side, so as to hold ham string. Then we have no pole in the way in gutting; have a box to stand on so as to be high enough; have a big turner hay pulley and rope to pull up hogs with one hand. The north pen same way about feeding; it is 16x16, trough around to feed slop from.

We have cooked about 150 bushels of potatoes, meal and bran with them, then lots of pumpkins, cabbage leaves, potato-peelings, and, in fact, every thing we could get hold of, and fattened 45 hogs. I have 133 head of stock hogs. The furnace walls run from flue, which is far enough from east wall to leave a good passage-way to west wall. I have left about 4 feet of a hole on the west end of furnace to get down in to make fire, sides being filled up to top of furnace with gravel, forming cook-room floor. In bad weather we can cook as well as in good weather; have two gas-lamps; can cook or feel as well as sleep as day. Any one, I think, who will build such a house and use it right will be well paid and well satisfied.

Hope some one will try this plan, as no one can afford to cook in cold and rain or hot sun, nor to carry meal from barn or some other place, water from somewhere else, and stop across the road or barn lot, or edge of pasture. By this plan \$1,000,000 could be saved in a year in Indiana.—Indiana Farmer.

SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

Mrs. Frank Leslie Answers the Question in the Negative.

The rule is no, the exception yes, but the exception is generally a matter of latitude. No pun intended. Women in Turkey, in Peru, in various tropical countries smoke, and with them we have no quarrel. Some women profess to smoke by order of their physicians, and for them we have a sincere pity. Other women smoke because they wish to be classed as Bohemians, and with them we have nothing to do.

Tobacco may be a sedative, but it is also a deodorizer of skin and teeth, and the girl who at twenty thinks it "cunning" or "chic," won't like its consequences at forty.

Doubtless there is something naughty, piquante, provocative and amusing to men in seeing a pretty girl or woman aping their own mannish ways and offering or accepting a "light" from them, and a pretty hand or wrist is certainly shown to advantage in managing a cigarette, but the dainty arm and shapely hand must be satisfactory to me, as the work will find no other way of airing themselves, and the admiration that men give to the woman who smokes is very apt to degenerate into license.

Every woman should know that her power over man lies in making him feel her to be purer, better, more moral than himself. If she descends to his level, even in her amusements, she soon finds that he is her master. A man likes to idealize the woman he admires, especially the woman he wishes to marry, but if in approaching the ideal with timid reverence he finds her redolent of tobacco, if the sweet mouth he longs to press is tainted with nicotine, if the dainty fingers still bear the discoloration of the cigarette I fear the idealist would flee, as did Lamia's lover, in horror and dismay.

Man is attracted to woman by unlikeness, not likeness, and the less we dress or talk or amuse ourselves in a manly—or rather a mannish—way, or copy him especially in his vices, the more earnestly will he seek to induce us to embellish his ruder life with the refinements and beauties of our own, and the crabbled old writer was doubtless correct when he said: "There is no smoke without fire, and the smoke of tobacco from a woman's mouth shows the smoldering of evil fires in her heart."—Mrs. Frank Leslie, in N. Y. Herald.

POINTS FOR ENGINEERS.

Useful Suggestions, Practical Hints and Labor-Saving Notes.

When using a jet-condenser let the engine make three or four revolutions before opening the injection valve, and then open it gradually, letting the engine make several more revolutions before it is opened to the full amount required.

Open the main stop-valve before you start the fires under the boilers.

When starting fires don't forget to close the gauge-cocks and safety-valve as soon as steam begins to form.

An old Turkish towel cut in two lengths is better than cotton-waste for cleaning brass work.

Always connect your steam-valves in such a manner that the valve closes against the constant steam pressure.

Turpentine well-mixed with black varnish makes a good coating for iron smoke-pipes.

Ordinary lubricating oils are not suitable for use in preventing rust.

You can make a hole through glass by covering it with a thin coating of wax; by warming the glass and spreading the wax on it, scrape off the wax where you want the hole, and drop a little fluoric acid on the spot with a wire. The acid will cut a hole through the glass, and you can shape the hole with a copper wire covered with oil and rotten-stone.

A mixture of one ounce of sulphate of copper, one-quarter of an ounce of alum, half a teaspoonful of powdered salt, one gill of vinegar and twenty drops of nitric acid will make a hole in steel that is too hard to cut or file easily. Also if applied to steel and washed off quickly it will give the metal a beautiful frosted appearance.

It is a fact that thirty-five cubic feet of sea-water is equal in weight to thirty-six feet of fresh water, the weight being one ton (2,240 pounds). Remember that coal loses from ten to forty per centum of its evaporative power if exposed to the influence of sunshine and rain.—Safety Valve.

CURIOUS HORSE TRADE.

How a Wide-Awake Stranger Deceived a Michigan Livestock Man.

Speaking of horse-trading reminds me of a curious trade I was mixed up in a couple of years ago in Michigan. I was in the livery business and a stranger brought in a nice-looking horse which he offered me for a mere song. The price seemed as low that I fell into the trap, but soon discovered that I owned an animal that no spur in the State could goad into as quick a trot. I traded him off to a doctor who prided himself on being able to ride any horse that could be saddled. I spread the report that the animal was a holy terror, and that no man had ever managed to ride him. The report reached the doctor's ears, as I expected it would, and he soon made a bet that he could ride the horse. The parties to the wager came round, and, as the doctor liked the looks of the brute, I soon persuaded him to trade a very decent driving horse for it. I warned the doctor against riding the horse through the streets, and he said he would try it on a quiet road. Well, he won the bet, and the next day asked me if I would trade back if he gave me \$30 to boot. I agreed, and he told me I had better send a wagon to his place, for the alleged bucker could never walk back. He paid the money over and took away his horse. When I sent for the animal which had caused all the sport I found I had traded for a dead horse, which I had the privilege of burying. The doctor had felt so sore about the trade the previous evening that he had shot the alleged high-spirited brute the minute he had succeeded in dragging it to his own stable.—Alfred H. Parsons, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FIRST GRENADEER.

How He Singly Held the Fort Against an Army of Austrians.

Doubtless the larger portion of readers have read or heard of the story of the "First Grenadier of France," but for the benefit of those who are ignorant as to it, I will relate the story as I heard it. Many years ago, in the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, there was a veteran grenadier in his army who was noted for his courage and many brave acts. At one time during the war between France and Austria this man was on leave of absence. Having to go close to a certain pass near the boundary line, he stopped at the fort commanding the pass. To his amazement he found it deserted, due to the approach of the Austrians. Going within, he found a large supply of firearms and ammunition left there in the evacuation.

He knew that every hour was precious and that if the Austrians could be prevented passing but for twenty-four hours it would be certain victory for the French. Collecting all the ammunition and firearms, he loaded each one and placed it at the loophole, after arranging the triggers so with cords that they might all be fired at once. Then he barred the door and made all secure as possible. Now came the weary watching and waiting through the long, long night. Just after midnight he heard the roll of drums in the distance. The Austrians having come proudly forward, were deterred from entering by the holding volley. The Austrians were effectively stopped from forcible entry by the narrowness of the pass.

After a short parley the garrison was ordered to surrender, but a firm refusal was given by the grenadier. Just when he was almost ready to drop with fatigue the Austrians offered capitulation. This was accepted under condition that all firearms might be taken, and just after noon the fortress door was open and out marched one man, literally loaded down with muskets. He walked to the commanding officer, and depositing his burden, saluted and waited in silence. The Austrian asked in wonder where the remainder of the garrison was. Judge of the amazement when the grenadier said: "I, by myself, have succeeded in holding you." The Austrian gave him a note to Napoleon, and he was escorted, under a flag of truce, back to the French. On Napoleon's learning the case he offered the highest rewards to the grenadier, but they were all refused.

Yet ever after at roll-call, even at his death, his name was called first, and one of the soldiers stepping forth and saluting, would answer: "Died on the field of battle." Thus was his brave deed commemorated more effectively than if he had been made one of the highest officers.—Daisy Senoj, in Philadelphia Press.

MOSAIC WINDOWS.

Intentional Imperfections Introduced Into the Process of their Manufacture.

But the glass-worker has only begun his work when he has the molten "metal" shimmering in his crucibles. It must undergo many subsequent manipulations before it is available for the purpose of art. Some of these, from a technical point of view, some retrogressive. It has been found that the rich color effects in glass of the middle ages are largely due to the imperfections in the material. Its lack of homogeneity, its unequal thickness and uneven surfaces contribute largely to its beauty. The modern product is too uniform to be brilliant; it transmits the light with too great regularity. Intentional imperfections are, therefore, introduced into the process; and the products, in consequence, are much more satisfactory to the artist.

This work of individualizing the product has now been so far systematized that several special brands of art glass are recognized in the markets. The so-called antique glass in both white and colors, is made precisely like the ordinary sheet window glass, except that the surface of the glass is made full of minute blow-holes, which produce almost an aventurin effect, and add greatly to its brilliancy. In the cathedral glass the surface is rendered wavy and uneven, so that the transmission of light shall be correspondingly irregular. In the flash glass ordinary sheets are covered with a thin plating of colored glass, a process which permits a very delicate color tone, and materially decreases the expense, where a costly glass, such as ruby, is needed to give the color. But in mosaic work it is now generally preferred that the glass shall not be at all transparent, since the effect is much richer. The most of the glass is therefore cast, the process being a repetition in miniature of the casting of rough plate.—Prof. C. H. Henderson, in Popular Science Monthly.

Profit in Money-Making.

The bright silver-looking nickels that are for a time on the street cars are a source of great profit to the Government, as they cost but three-fourths of a cent apiece," said a mint employee yesterday. "They are now purchased under a contract. We used to make the blanks ourselves and stamp them afterward at the mint, but of late years we have been purchasing the blanks and having them stamped at the mint. They are bought by the pound, as are also the pennies. I think they cost about a quarter of a cent, or perhaps a third of a cent each."

"How many of these pennies and nickels are issued in a year?" "Nearly a million dollars' worth; not quite that, but in round numbers say \$1,000,000 worth. The total amount of 5-cent pieces issued in a year usually reaches about \$600,000, and pennies nearly \$400,000. Besides that there are a few 3-cent nickel pieces, but only a few. Last year the number was extremely small. There is little demand for them, and the department is discouraging the use of them as much as possible."

"On this \$1,000,000 worth of minor coins issued, then, there must be a profit of considerably over \$500,000?" "Yes, considerably more than that."—Philadelphia Record.

THE TYPE-WRITER GIRL.

A Sweet-Brier Rose Among the Dull Weeds of Commercial Life.

She is everywhere just now, and she seems to like it just as well as we do ourselves. She beams at you with business-like eyes from behind the plate-glass partitions of palatial offices. She taps the keys with dainty knowledge in all the large establishments of the metropolis, and paralyzes ancient clerks and decrepit retainers by the fluent ease with which she masters details of trade.

She comes on you unexpectedly when you drop in down town to see how the market is holding together, or if that "sure thing" came in first at Sheephead. You hear a few convulsive clicks; you look up, and there she is—the inevitable typewriter! She has penetrated to the innermost sanctum of the editor; she has wrung herself insidiously into the halls of the statesman, and in the offices of the broker she reigns supreme. As Mark Twain said of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, "few have escaped!" she is everywhere, a recognized and admired fact, and has taken her place among the institutions of the land with the same unconscious grace and magnificent calmness with which she draws her salary.

The stock-broker's office is her favorite lair. She glows out of its luxuriant settings like a Klunder rose in a Worcester vase, with an occasional screen at her back, and her tipped boots crossed effectively below her dainty skirt. She smilingly looks up from under a well-kept bang, and the modern man feels that he has not lived in vain.

The pretty type-writer came like a shaft of light to the darkened intellects of the weary paragraphers and the funny men of the daily papers. The small boy was a moth-eaten monotony. The mother-in-law a decayed and undesirable nonentity. The almanac files were sore and yellow. Then it was that the public arose and kicked in its might, and demanded something fresh to laugh at. The witty joker was agast, and cried out to the gods for a new idea. As if in answer to the long reiterated prayer, a silvery chime struck upon the blurred surface of his brain. There was a whirr, a whizz, a click, and the typewriter stepped over the moss-covered threshold of his vision in all the fetching attractiveness of a gentlemanly collar and coquish apron.

No man is a hero to his type-writer. She knows too well the variable moods that mark him as her own. The morning's business-like severity, the afternoon relaxation, and the genial and inviting hilarity that grows with the day. She has heard so often the smothered "something" which he says when the ticker marks another drop in wheat. She has seen the expression that flits across his face when a message comes over the 'phone to "be home early tonight," as Aunt Penelope is coming on the 2:10 train." She sees and knows it. She says nothing, but she thinks a great deal, though she seems unconscious, and there is a look in her eye sometimes that is an eloquent sermon in itself.

She is not spending her young life in an office for the fun of the thing. She is working for what she shall eat and drink and wherewithal she shall be clothed. She has interests in life outside of her "rate of speed," and is very frequently "engaged" to some other struggling young person with magnificent ideas and inadequate salary.

She often loves him, too, in an impetuous, stenographic way, and shares his bright dreams of a little home somewhere in the dim and misty not-far-off, that picture itself before her, as she clicks the keys until they sound like a melody of angels' voices.

She is a sweet-brier rose that has bloomed among the dull weeds of commercial life, and she thrives upon her own fragrance. May the soft rays of prosperity's sun shine upon her head, and the breezes waft peace and plenty to the busy hands of the pretty typewriter.—Once a Week.

Where Every Body Smokes.

Every one in Siam smokes—men, women and children. The people have no pockets, and their favorite place for carrying cigars and cigarettes is behind the ear, just as our American clerks carry their pens and pencils. I saw a naked boy of four, yesterday, standing in a crowd smoking a cigarette. He was puffing away lustily at the weed in his mouth, and he had two others yet unlit—one behind each ear. He apparently enjoyed his cigar, and smoked, and spit, and spit, and smoked, as though it was an everyday matter, as I doubt not it was. His brown-skinned father, in a waist-cloth, stood beside him, and when he started away he picked up the still smoking youngster and set him astride of his hip, and thus walked off. Babies are always carried on the hip here, and not upon the back, as in China, Korea and Japan. This carrying is done by the men as well as the women, and only the fewest of the men do any work.—F. G. Carpenter's Bangkok Letter.

Dakota's Morning Air.

Persons coming to Dakota will do well, in the fall or winter, to rise up with the sun on any cool morning, and they will be well repaid for their trouble. As the sun is peeping over the horizon, if the morning is clear, one can see for ten, twenty and thirty miles, according to the levelness of the country. One can see timber thirty miles away as if not more than six miles away, raised high in the air, so the sky can be seen between the mirage and the earth. Elevators and barns, houses and timber, seem to be mounted in size, even though they are twenty miles away; the sky is so cool and clear that people and stock are seen with the naked eye much better than with opera or field glasses, and persons talking with each other two miles away will be distinctly heard. Dakota is a wonderful country.—Dundee (Dak.) Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

PITH AND POINT.

—Intolerance most intolerantly deserves intolerance.

—All passions are good when one masters them; all are bad when one is a slave to them.

—Some of the most powerful shots made fall to hit the target's center.—N. O. Picayune.

—The family with a sixteen-year-old boy in the house has no use whatever for a twenty-four volume encyclopedia.—Somerville Journal.

—No young man with brains will ever expect to find a good wife in a young woman who is not first a good daughter.

—A man gets his "Lost" advertisements free of all charge when it is his reputation that is involved.—Merchant Traveler.

—Curiosity must be awakened ere it can be satisfied. And once awakened it never falls in the end to satisfy itself.—Hugh Miller.

—It is good for us if the contrary winds occasionally blow on us, for after all it is they that make us strong as we sail the voyage of life.

—There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is that the people can commend it without envy.—Shenstone.

—Knowledge must be gained by our selves. Mankind may supply us with facts; but the results, even if they do agree with previous ones, must be the work of our own minds.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor. Nothing is ever to be obtained without it.—Sir J. Reynolds.

—Young people should never forget that they have in their brains, and hands, while the power of brains and hands remains, actual money-yielding capital more satisfying than bonds.—Once a Week.

—The woman who creates by her work and smiles a happy home, and raises a family of children to worthy manhood and womanhood is the noblest work of God, and is more entitled to the honor and praise of mankind than the butterfly of fashion in the political or fashionable world.

—Happy are they who, when sorely wounded in life, can turn to the natural world and find in every tree, shrub and flower a comforting friend that will not turn from them. Such are not far from God and peace. Only mind, imagination and refinement can embroider the homely details of life.

—Especially do we owe a considerable manner to those less favored than ourselves; for with sweet flowers of courtesy we may do something to brighten an otherwise barren life. Even the degraded are quick to catch the gentle tone. None can withstand the power of this true fairy wand, whose spell we love best to invoke for "our own."—Elizabeth Eddy Norris.

SOUNDS OF NATURE.

Musical Whose Interpretation Needs No Ancient or Secret Art.

The sonata has been called the most perfect form of piano music known, and in that, although Haydn and Mozart excelled, Beethoven is the chief of all the composers, and all that can be said by a single instrument has been written for the voice of the piano. But although it takes a Beethoven to make the theme and its variations one, and although it takes the first of mechanicals and designers to elaborate the instrument that is to give them musical expression, and although it takes patience and skill and talent, and sometimes even genius to be able to use brain and fingers so as to interpret the thought of Beethoven, yet there is another music, unwritten, and to be played on no one instrument, and it takes neither genius, nor mechanism, nor industry to hear and feel and interpret these unformulated strains of nature—that music which exists everywhere throughout creation, which has its tone in every object, which resounds where the sea touches the shore, where the snow sifts through the air, where the voice strikes the hillside, where the leaves stir against one another, where the wind wings and the stars soar through space. To read this music one needs no ancient or secret art, no written page, no instrument—nothing but a soul. One can not criticize it; one can not say its time is imperfect, its measures are incorrect; but one can watch its themes develop almost as easily as in the music rendered by the player where the left hand keeps the time and marks the measure, the "leader of the orchestra," as Beethoven himself said, while the right hand wanders away at its own sweet will in all its freedom of variation to return to it again.

One hears the melancholy in the